

# A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

## "Scenario"

*[Tribe and L.O.N.S.:]*

Here we go yo, here we go yo  
So what so what so what's the scenario  
Here we go yo, here we go yo  
So what so what so what's the scenario

*[Phife Dawg:]*

Ayo Bo knows this (what?) and Bo knows that (what?)  
But Bo don't know jack, 'cause Bo can't rap  
Well what do you know, the Di-Dawg, is first up to bat  
No batteries included, and no strings attached  
No holds barred, no time for move faking  
Gots to get the loot so I can bring home the bacon  
Brothers front, they say the Tribe can't flow  
But we've been known to do the impossible like Broadway Joe so

Sleep if you want NyQuil will help you get your Zs troop  
But here's the real scoop  
I'm all that and then some, short dark and handsome  
Bust a nut inside your eye, to show you where I come from

I'm vexed, fuming, I've had it up to here  
My days of paying dues are over, acknowledge me as in there (yeah)  
Head for the border, go get a taco  
Watch me wreck it from the jump street, meaning from the get-go  
Sit back relax and let yourself go  
Don't sweat what you heard, but act like you know

*[Charlie Brown:]*

Yes yes y'all (yes y'all!)  
Who got the vibe it's the Tribe y'all (Tribe y'all!)  
Real live y'all (live y'all!)  
Inside outside come around  
(who's that?) Brown

So may I say, call me Charlie  
The word is the herb and I'm deep like Bob Marley  
Lay back on the payback, evolve rotate the gates contact  
Can I get a hit? (hit!)  
Boom bip with a brother named Tip  
And we're ready to flip

East coast stomping, ripping and romping  
New York, North Cak-a-laka, and Compton  
Checka-checka-check it out!  
The loops for the troops, more bounce to the ounce  
And wow how now wow how now Brown cow

We're ill 'til the skill gets down

For the flex, next, it's the textbook old to the new  
But the rest are doo-doo  
From radio to the video to Arsenio  
Tell me! Yo, what's the scenario

*[Dinco D:]*

(True blue!) Scooby Doo, whoopie doo  
Scenarios, radios, rates more than four  
Scores for the s'mores that smother dance floors  
Now I go for mine, shades of sea shore

Ship-shape, crushed grapes, apes that play tapes  
Papes make drakes baked for the wakes  
Of an L-AH, an E-ADER, simply just a leader  
Base in the space means peace, see ya later

Later? (Later!) Later alligator  
Pop blows the weasel and the herb's the inflater  
So yo the D what the O, incorporated I-N-C into a flow  
Funk flipped flat back first this foul fight fight fight  
Laugh yo how's that sound (oh!)

*[Q-Tip, Busta Rhymes:]*

It's a Leader-Quest mission and we got the goods here (here!)  
Never on the left 'cause my right's my good ear (ear!)  
I could give a damn about a ill subliminal  
Stay away from crime so I ain't no criminal

I love my young nation, groovy sensation  
No time for hibernation, only elation  
Don't ever try to test the water, little kid  
Yo Mr. Busta Rhymes, tell him what I did

I heard you rushed and rushed, and attacked  
Then they rebuked and you had to smack  
Causing rambuncion, throughout the sphere  
Raise the levels of the boom inside the ear

You know I did it  
So don't violate or you get violated  
The hip-hop sound is well agitated  
Won't ever waste no time on the played-out ego  
So here's Busta Rhymes with the, Scenario

*[Busta Rhymes:]*

Watch, as I combine all the juice from the mind  
Heel up, wheel up, bring it back, come rewind  
Powerful impact boom from the cannon  
Not bragging, tryna read my mind just imagine  
Vo-cab-u-lary's necessary  
When digging into my library

Oh my gosh! Oh my gosh!  
Eating Ital Stew like the one Peter Tosh-a

Uh, uh uh, all over the track man  
Uh, pardon me, uh, as I come back

As I did it yo I had to beg your pardon  
When I travel through the town I roll with the squadron  
Rawr! Rawr! Like a dungeon dragon  
Change your little drawers 'cause your pants are sagging

Try to step to this, I will, twist you in a turban  
And had you smelling ripe, like some old stale urine

Chickity-choco, the chocolate chicken  
The rear cock diesel, butt cheeks they were kicking  
Yo, busting out before the Busta bust another rhyme  
The rhythm is in sync (uh!) the rhymes are on time (time!)  
Rippin' up the sound just like Horatio  
Observe the vibe and check out the scenario!  
Yeah, my man motherfucker!

Here we go yo, here we go yo  
So what so what so what's the scenario  
Here we go yo, here we go yo  
So what so what so what's the scenario

Here we go yo, here we go yo  
So what so what so what's the scenario  
Here we go yo, here we go yo  
So what so what so what's the scenario